

[ORIGINAL.]

KITTY CLYDE.

BY ARTHUR L. KESERVE.

Have you seen sweet Kitty Clyde
Sailing over the river's tide
In her light canoe,
When the stars above are beaming,
And the silver moonlight streaming
From the ether vault so blue?

Have you seen the self-same maiden,
With her strawberry basket laden.
On some golden afternoon,
When the sparrow and the thrush,
And the robin on the bush,
Swell a glad some tune?

Have you never by the brook,
Or in some quiet sunny nook,
Seen this maiden
Angling with a line and hook,
Or 'haps with a pleasant book,
Like a fay in Alden?

Good angels guard Kitty Clyde,
As sailing down life's ruffled tide,
She heeds not danger near;
May they ever cast their spell,
Ever guard the maiden well,
That her life may never sere!

[ORIGINAL.]

BESSIE MILTON :

— OR, —

THE PRESS GANG.*

BY AN ENGLISH ATTORNEY.

On the sea-shore about half a mile distant from the ancient town of Dover, in the county of Kent, England, there stood a few years ago, and perhaps still stands, a small, neat farm-house, which had for many generations, and until some forty years since, been tenanted by an honest family—half fishermen—half farmers—named Milton. The cottage had been built by an ancestor of the last tenant's, some time about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and had been occupied by his descendants down to the period of which I write.

Some forty years ago, the farmer who occupied it, had but one child—a daughter—so fair and gentle, that despite her lowly condition she was known for miles around as the Dover belle. Farmer Milton grieved sorely that he had not a son—for, though he dearly loved his daughter—and was proud of her, and with good reason, he regretted that when he was gone, there would be no descendant of his name to inherit the home-

* This sketch is historically true.

stead of his ancestors. The old man's great desire, since he had not a son of his own to inherit his name as well as his humble estate—was that his daughter Bessie should marry just such a man, as, according to his ideas, would prove himself worthy of such a pretty, gentle affectionate wife as Bessie would make, and of such a snug little farm and homestead as Milton's Grange.

Now the beauty of Bessie had brought numerous admirers to the farm, not only from amongst the sons of the neighboring farmers—but from Dover and the adjacent towns—the sons of respectable tradesmen and professional men; even the young squire from the Hall had shown the fair girl many attentions, and while many of her female friends were envious of the notice she attracted, there were some among them, who did not hesitate to say, that if Bessie played her cards well, she might become the lady of the Hall.

However, while Bessie was friendly and cheerful in the society of all who visited her father's farm, she showed no marked partiality to any one; and if on any occasion one who fancied himself to be a greater favorite than the rest, ventured to speak of love, he was certain never to find himself alone with her a second time. This occurred with the young squire, who, notwithstanding the disparity in the social positions of himself and Bessie, one day offered her his hand and heart. The young man was politely informed that she had not, at present, any thought of giving up her freedom, and that, though she esteemed and respected him as a friend, she could never become the wife of a man whose friends would consider that he had descended from his own position to wed her. From that day Bessie was civil to the young gentleman, but she was never again so lively and unguarded in her conversation with him, as she had been in times past.

Farmer Milton was not sorry to witness his daughter's apparent cautiousness, in guarding herself from any rash engagement. He was decidedly opposed to an ill-assorted marriage, by which his child would be lifted from the social sphere in which her fathers had moved for many consecutive generations—as would have been the case had she listened to the impassioned addresses of the young squire, and he thought her good enough and pretty enough to choose from among the most favored by nature and fortune, and the most deserving of the youths of her own condition; yet, when years passed away, and Bessie had reached the age of twenty-three, without making choice of a lover, the old farmer began to think that his daughter was far less desirous of marrying than the young women of his

youthful days had been, and to become anxious, as he was getting into years, to see her settled in life, the happy wife of a loving and deserving husband, before he should be called away.

He at length determined to speak to her seriously on the subject, and to propose to her consideration the offers of three or four young men, whom he considered worthy of her. Then it was that the old man found out that it was neither cautiousness nor coldness of temperament, which had led Bessie to hold herself for so long a time aloof from the addresses of her admirers. She had chosen secretly for herself years before, and had resolved to wed the husband of her choice, or to remain single for life.

The old farmer was surprised, and perchance somewhat disappointed. The lover his daughter had chosen was not one of those he would have selected for her; still, as he was a young man of irreproachable character and good family, he made no serious objections, but telling her that she had his consent, he rallied her upon keeping her engagement a secret from him.

"Dear father," said Bessie, "I will tell you the reason of my silence with respect to my engagement. I am aware that James Edwards is not the young man you would have preferred for a son-in-law, and we therefore agreed to wait and to keep our engagement a secret until he had obtained command of a ship, when he would be in a position to maintain a wife independent of the farm. He is now first mate of the *Minerva*, and expects to get the command of the vessel after making a few more voyages."

"That needn't have hindered thee, lass," said the old man. "To be sure, James never came into my head, while counting over the likely young men in the parish; but that was, first because he is a sailor, and I should wish my Bessie's husband to remain on shore with her; and second because though the boy's poor enough now, thou knowest he belongs to a family considerably above us in the world. If his father had lived, he would have been by this time rector of the parish, and the equal of any of the gentlefolks, and though he died only the curate, and the boy went to sea—still there is what I call too much of the quality stamp in him to suit my ideas. But, Bessie, if so be as he loves thee, lass, and thou loves him, why, I see no need of his waiting to get command of a ship. Let him quit the sea, settle down on the farm with me, and when I die, I fancy you'll find quite enough left to provide you both with a comfortable support."

This conversation between the father and his daughter occurred only a few weeks before James Edwards's return from the West Indies, in

the ship *Minerva*, of which, as the reader has been informed, he was chief mate. The hope of marrying at once the object of his many years' secret love induced the young sailor to listen readily to the arrangements of the farmer, and to consent to quit the sea, of which he was not very fond, and promise to settle down on the farm. He had, however, bound himself to go one more voyage, and it was arranged that he should marry Bessie before he sailed, and when he returned should give up the sea forever.

The wedding took place shortly after the young man's return home, where he remained four or five months before his ship was again ready for sea. His next and last voyage it was calculated, would occupy six or eight months, and Bessie, when she bade him farewell, and walked back to the farmhouse, already began to look forward to the day of his return, when he would remain at home and trust the treacherous element no more.

Four months after James Edwards's departure, Bessie gave birth to a son, and now she looked forward with redoubled anxiety to the period of her husband's return. She pleased herself with fancying how delighted he would be, when for the first time he took his first-born in his arms, and she formed many plans for their future comfort and happiness.

Soon after the birth of her child, the first great sorrow that Bessie had ever experienced occurred in the sudden death of her father, who was killed by a fall from a cart loaded with hay, which he was bringing from the field; she had been too young when her mother died to feel her loss—but she loved her father dearly, and grieved sorely at his death—and now she longed more earnestly than ever for her husband's return.

The ship in which James Edwards sailed was detained going from one island in the West Indies to another in search of cargo, much longer than had been anticipated. Ten months elapsed from the period of his departure before she read in the newspapers the notice of the ship's arrival in London. However, she was thankful that he had come at last, and as soon as the vessel was discharged, James mounted the Dover stage-coach and hastened homeward. He was met at Dover by his wife, who had gone thither with her babe to welcome him, and though the young sailor lamented with Bessie the sudden death of her father—then first made known to him—they were too happy in their re-union to allow sorrow for the dead wholly to engross their thoughts.

"You will not leave me again, James?" said Bessie, as the husband and wife rode home together in the farm wagon.

"Never, Bessie," was the reply. "I am weary of the sea, and now it is war time, sea voyages are so tedious and uncertain, there is no knowing how long they may last. No, I will turn farmer, and I trust, my love, that there are many years of mutual happiness in store for us, though I could have wished your father had lived to share our delights."

"I am afraid," replied Bessie, "that he left his affairs in some confusion. You know he invested largely, all his ready money, I believe, in an East India speculation, which promised well. The vessel was captured by the French in the Bay of Biscay, and as the insurance takes no risks of capture by the enemy, I understand that he lost all. He never spoke to me on the subject, but I could not help noticing that he looked very serious and uneasy after he heard the intelligence of the capture, several weeks before his death."

"Never mind, Bessie," said the young husband, hopefully, "we will work the harder, and set matters to rights again."

They reached the farmhouse. The neighbors came in to congratulate the ocean-wanderer on his return, visits were made in return, and for several days nothing but festivity was thought of. The youthful husband was exceedingly proud of his child, and all was happiness and joy. However, the round of visits over, it became necessary to attend to business, and in the first place, Edward resolved to go to Dover, and learn from the late farmer's lawyer, exactly how his affairs stood at the time of his decease.

As I have explained already, it was war time, and the government was troubled to procure men for the naval service. Impressment was then in vogue, and at the period of young Edwards's return the press-gangs were more than usually active. It was late in the day when the young man reached Dover, and the lawyer had quitted his office and returned to his residence, a villa on the seashore—Edwards determined to call on him at his, as he was anxious to return that night, knowing that his wife would expect him.

He had proceeded about a mile by a short cut on the beach beneath the cliffs, and had just entered a rabbit-warren, overrun with bushes and brushwood, when, suddenly two men attired as man-of-war-men, sprang, armed with cutlasses, from behind a clump of blackthorn, and called upon him, in the king's name, to surrender.

"To whom?" said the young man, raising his cane and placing himself in a position of self-defence, though he knew too well who his rough assailants were.

"To his majesty's officers," replied a young

lieutenant, who now made his appearance at the head of six other sailors, who with the two who had first spoken composed the press-gang, lying *perdu*, on the lookout for stragglers between Dover and the adjacent towns and villages. "I hold you as a seaman to serve on board his majesty's ship Thunderer, whose tender now lies at anchor in the Downs."

Resistance against such a force, all armed with pistols, and with naked cutlasses in their hands, was of course, out of the question; but as Edwards knew that mates of ships in actual service were legally exempt from impressment, he put forth his claims.

"What ship?" demanded the officer.

"The Minerva, West Indianman."

"Where does she lie?"

"In the River Thames."

"Phoo!" exclaimed the officer. "Those only can claim exception from impressment who are actually on duty on board their ships. Your ship is in London. What are you doing here?"

"I am on a visit to my friends and my native place. Indeed, I have quitted the sea service," replied Edwards, forgetting himself.

"Ha, ha!" jeered the lieutenant. "You have quitted the sea, have you? and yet you say you are the mate of the Minerva! Come, no subterfuge, my fine fellow. It's a shame for an active, able, good-looking chap like you to give up the sea. You don't know what's good for you. We'll teach you better, and find you a snug berth on board a man-of-war, where you will have the honor of serving your king and country. Come, no nonsense," he added, observing the young man to struggle in the clutches of his captors, and endeavor to shake them off.

Edwards pleaded that he was just married, and that his wife depended upon him solely for support, but he might as well have talked to the wind, as to have entertained a hope that anything that he could urge would soften the heart of the officer, or of the rude men under his command, inured to scenes of cruelty, and used to witness the despair of their victims, and the agony of the friends from whom they were ruthlessly torn. His words only called forth taunts and unfeeling and brutal jests.

He was told that he would have an opportunity to send prize money to his wife; and his hands having been bound behind his back, he was marched between two sailors, like a criminal or a deserter, to the beach and placed on board a boat, the crew of which immediately rowed him off to the tender, where he was placed in a wretched dungeon in the lower hold, in company with some dozen other unfortunates like himself,

the greater portion of whom had been striving successfully to drown their sorrows in drink. With difficulty he obtained permission to write to his wife and inform her of his misfortunes, and urge her to come and see him immediately, in order that measures might be taken to endeavor to procure his release.

The poor young woman came at once, and the meeting of the youthful, loving and unhappy couple in the dark hold of the tender, was most distressing to witness. Beattie was permitted to remain but for a short time, but it was arranged that she should at once visit the rector of the parish, and the lord of the manor, both of whom had known Edwards's father, and endeavor to get them to write to the lords of the admiralty, and use their influence to procure her husband's discharge.

This, both these gentlemen did immediately, though they bade her not to anticipate success; and their doubts proved correct. During the first five years of the present century, it was next to impossible to procure the liberation of an impressed seaman, so great was the demand for sailors, and so difficult was it to man the navy—the men preferring the merchant service, notwithstanding its harder labor, to the severe discipline, the long cruises and the small pay on board the king's ships. Many gentlemen of good standing, who had never been at sea, were impressed and carried off, without having been able ever to inform their friends of their fate. The letters sent by the rector and lord of the manor were not even noticed, and in the course of a week Edwards sailed on board the Thunderer, to the East Indies. Poor Beattie was left in a terrible condition of terror and despair, and to add to her distress, in a few weeks after her husband's departure, she was waited upon by bailiffs, who informed her that they had come to take possession of the farm, at the instance of her late father's creditors.

It was thought at the time that there was some villany somewhere, and that a brutal advantage had been taken of her unprotected and distressed condition—but who was there to interest themselves in behalf of the poor, young, widowed wife? The clergyman and the gentlemen of the parish raised a small sum of money by subscription, when they heard that she was to be turned out of her father's homestead, and this was all! She had heard her father speak of a cousin who resided in London, and this, so far as she knew, was the only relative she had in the world. To London she determined to go, and there to seek out this relative whom she believed to be in comfortable circumstances, and to beg him to pro-

cure her some employment by which she might support herself and child until her husband's return—at some indefinite period.

Beattie had never in her life been in a larger town than Dover. She had no idea of the vast size of the metropolis, and fancied, though she knew not her relative's address, that she could find him as easily as she could have found him had he resided in a small country town. She wandered about the crowded streets until her brain was bewildered, and she was so wearied she was ready to drop, and at length procured a humble lodging for herself and her babe. Day after day she spent in searching for her father's cousin, in vain, until she gave up the search in despair. Then she sought for employment with like ill-success. She could not go out to service, she could find no employment at which she could work and at the same time take care of her child, while her exceeding beauty and the neatness, and even elegance of her appearance—for she always dressed well, though plainly—led to frequent annoyances and insults, as she wandered unprotected through the streets.

At length the small sum of money she had brought with her from her old home was expended, though she had observed the strictest economy. She could no longer pay for her lodgings, and she was told that she must go elsewhere. Go where? Without money or friends, and with an infant child in a large city! She wandered the streets all day, hungry and penniless, and at night was fain to beg food and shelter at one of the watch-houses. Both were afforded, but even here she found herself exposed to insult. The very fact of her having her babe with her led to suspicions prejudicial to her character, and such observations were made, and such remarks addressed to her, that she resolved at no hazard to seek a lodging in the watch-house again.

All the next day amidst storm and rain, she walked the streets without food. Urged by hunger and fatigue, she at length humbled herself to ask charity. But most of those she addressed passed on, eager to gain shelter from the storm, merely telling her that there were proper places for such as her to apply to, and that they never gave to street beggars. Others offered her assistance, but their offers were coupled with such conditions that she turned away with scorn and indignation. Again, others who listened impatiently awhile, evidently disbelieving her story, gave her a halfpenny and hurried homeward. She obtained three halfpence in the course of the day. It was now dark, and she had neither food nor shelter, while to add to her distress, her babe,

wet through with the rain, and wearied with his long confinement in his still more wearied mother's arms, began to cry violently. She felt that she could not exist an hour longer without rest.

"O," she thought, "if I had but a shilling to purchase a lodging for the night!"

She was passing through Oxford Street. The gay shops, brilliantly lighted, with tempting wares exposed to catch the eyes of the passers-by, afforded a tantalizing contrast to the dark, wet, cold, dreary street without. She mustered up courage to enter a shop, with the intention of telling her sad story and asking for temporary assistance. She was immediately ordered out by the shopman, who was indignant that such a rain-soaked, mud-bedraggled creature should have the impudence to enter so spruce a shop.

Dejected and broken-hearted, again she wandered on. Her babe was now screaming, apparently with pain, and she was so faint she could scarcely bear his slight weight. In the doorway of a large, handsome shop, several valuable silk handkerchiefs were exposed for sale. One of these would procure her and her child a night's lodging. Such a thought crossed her mind involuntarily; and she shuddered and passed on, though the tempter whispered in her ear: "The night is dark, nobody will see you take it. Among so many one will never be missed, and some day you can call at the shop and pay for it." But conscience whispered in the other ear: "It will be an act of theft nevertheless!"

Just then her infant gave utterance to a sharp wail of agony, to which the mother's heart responded. She looked around. If any one approached she would insist upon assistance. Her babe must not—should not perish in her arms! But that stormy night even the usually crowded Oxford Street was deserted, save by a few houseless wanderers like herself. She turned back again, passed the shop, looked stealthily within, and the next moment a large India silk handkerchief was in her possession. Trembling in every limb, now from fear and shame more than from cold, wet and weariness, she hastened away. But she had proceeded only a few yards when she felt a rough hand laid on her shoulder, and the proprietor of the shop from which she had snatched the handkerchief, said in a savage, yet sneering and triumphant tone of voice:

"So, you thief—you villain, I've caught you, have I? I saw you looking at my goods as you passed the shop a few minutes ago, and I thought what you were after, and concealed myself near the door. But it shall be the costliest handkerchief ever you had in your hands. You shall

swing for it, if I can bring it about, as sure as my name's Higgins."

He dragged her rudely back into the shop, and refusing to listen for a moment to her story, to her appeals for mercy, or to her assertions that she knew not what she was doing, for she believed her babe was dying, and she had no place to shelter it from the storm—he sent one of his shopmen for a constable (there were no policemen in those days), and had her arrested for the theft.

That bitter, rainy, stormy night, the unhappy young woman found herself the second time an inmate of the watch-house. But she was no longer exposed to the insults of the watchmen, for she was alone with her babe in a dark cell, and so thoroughly worn out, that despite her wretchedness and hunger—despite her shame and sorrow, she soon fell fast asleep on the rude, damp straw pallet, and the innocent infant who had only cried in consequence of the cold and rain, slept quietly by his wretched mother's side.

What were poor Bessie's feelings, when after a few hours of sound, death-like slumber, broken at length by strange, and sometimes fearful dreams, she woke just as the bright sunshine without, which had succeeded the night of storm, was struggling in vain to shed a portion of its light into the dark cell, but only succeeding sufficiently to make darkness visible, and feebly disclose the grim horror of the prison. Hunger and thirst had flown and left a death-like languor behind them, but the mind was active, and mingled sensations of shame, remorse, fear and desperation crowded her brain and almost drove her crazy. Her babe woke and uttered a faint cry. That cry restored the mother for a moment to herself. Tears flowed from her eyes, and perhaps preserved her from madness—madness that would have been welcome, that would have been mercy. She took the infant in her arms and placed it to her breast. Alas! she could no longer supply it with the simple nutriment it needed. The infant cried long and loud, but it was weak, and soon fell asleep again. Hours passed away, how many she knew not, for she sat in a state of stupor, when at length the cell door was opened, and a turnkey said, in a rough voice:

"Come, missus, take up your squaller and come with me. I guess you'll be had up afore the 'beak' at ten o'clock."

Silently she lifted the babe from the straw pallet, and followed the man into a large room with iron-bound windows, in which were seated some half dozen of the late occupants of the adjoining cells—all females, and all more or less worn and

haggard with the effects of debauchery, exposure and crime. The wife of one of the keepers entered the room for a moment, and chanced to fix her eyes upon Bessie's face. Her very different appearance from the hardened females around her, attracted the notice of this woman, hard-featured and coarse-minded as she was, and used as she was to scenes of wickedness and misery. Eager for the slightest signs of sympathy, especially from one of her own sex, Bessie quickly noticed the passing expression of interest and pity in the woman's face. Tremblingly she advanced toward her, and faltered out, in a whisper:

"My child is starving, and I have no food to give him; and I"—looking down at her clothing—"wandered through the streets in the mud and rain till I was brought here. Can you give me food for my babe, and supply me with a little water? God will bless you for your kindness."

The woman lifted her finger, as a sign for the poor young creature to follow her.

"Hilloa, Molly! Where are you going with that ere young 'oman?" cried her husband.

"I'm going to take her to my room. I'll bring her back afore the prison van comes."

"You know it's agin the rules," said the man.

"Hang the rules!" replied the woman. And taking Bessie by the arm, she led her to her own apartment.

In a few minutes she heated some bread and milk for the child, and poured out a cup of hot tea for the mother, and also set some bread and butter and cold meat before her. Then taking the babe in her arms, she fed him herself, and then hushed him to sleep. Bessie could eat but little, though she had not tasted food on the previous day, but she contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls and to drink the tea, and felt much refreshed.

"You don't eat nought," said the woman.

"I have no appetite," replied Bessie; "but I feel better, and I thank you sincerely."

"This is a fine little chap, this babe o' yours," continued the woman. "And you"—looking Bessie in the face—"look as though you weren't used to the tramp long."

She spoke in such a way as led Bessie to think that she wished to know what had brought her to such a fallen condition, and briefly and hurriedly she related the outline of her sad story. The woman listened, evidently interested, for her coarse features were softened by pity and sympathy.

"It's hard," she murmured, "ter'ble hard. Them as makes the laws has much to answer

for." Then, as if unwilling to hurt Bessie's feelings, she added: "But what brought you—how came you here?"

The young woman's pale face crimsoned with shame and her voice faltered, as with downcast eyes she told, how, to procure shelter and food for her child, she had been tempted to steal a silk handkerchief from a shop-door, in order to sell it for a shilling or two, and how she had been detected and arrested by the shopkeeper. The woman's face assumed an expression of deep interest and commiseration. She gazed earnestly into the face of the young mother, and at length said:

"That's bad, very bad. I was in hopes you had on'y been tuk up for vagrancy. But," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, and speaking as it were to herself, "you're young and han'some, and that goes some ways with a jury."

Still she shook her head, and continued to gaze pityingly into the young woman's face. Presently she aroused herself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:

"You'll be wantin' soap and water, and a clean gownd. You'll be up afore the magistrate at the Hall this morning, and you must look as neat and spry as you can."

"Thank you kindly," said Bessie. "I will wash my face and hands, and smooth my hair, but I have no change of clothing. All, all is sold—all but my wedding ring."

"Never mind, poor dear," said the woman. "I guess I can fit you with a gownd of mine—plain, but clean. I'm real sorry for you."

Bessie burst into tears. Pity was a stranger to her. Almost the first words of sympathy she had heard since she had come up to London, were those addressed to her by the coarse-featured, hard-visaged wife of the turnkey, who had passed beyond middle life within the walls of Newgate, inured to the sight of misery and crime!

The woman bustled about, and soon produced soap and water, a brush and comb, and a coarse, but clean and complete change of clothing, which she insisted upon Bessie's wearing. Then, leaving the room for a while, she returned with a complete change of baby clothing, and without speaking a word, lifted the infant from the settee where she had laid it, and proceeded to dress it.

"I've kept this suit o' baby clothes for many a year," she said, when having completed the dressing of the child, she kissed it and held it up, crowing and smiling, to its mother, for her inspection. A tear stood for a moment in her eye, and rolled down the furrows of her rough visage, as she added, with a sigh:

"I never thought to part with 'em. I had a baby once myself. It died when it was about the

age of this un. Ah, that was when I lived in the country, afore we came to this drefful place! They was all I had to remind me of my own smiling boy. But never mind, I shall think that I seed 'em last on jest sich a babe as he, and it'll make me think the child is still living."

Poor Bessie's heart was too full to allow her to thank her kind benefactress. She took the woman's hand and looked into her face, while she strove in vain to express her gratitude. The woman stooped and kissed her forehead, and then kissing the child, restored it to its mother.

"Come," she said, "we must go back to the waiting-room. God bless you, and be on your side!"

Several turnkeys were in the room when they re-entered it, and Bessie and the child looked so different from what they appeared on the previous night, that a murmur of admiration passed around among those rude men.

"She's a right good looking gal," said one, to his comrades. "Pity one sich as she should be scragged."

The prison van had by this time arrived, and Bessie and her babe, with a dozen other women, were ordered to get inside. And in the course of a few minutes they found themselves awaiting examination before the lord mayor and the recorder at Guildhall.

It soon came to Bessie's turn. The shopkeeper, a keen, Jew-visaged, sharp little man, was in waiting, with the officer who arrested her.

"What is this case, constable?" said the recorder.

"A case o' shop-liftin', your worship."

"Ah!" exclaimed the recorder, while the lord mayor lowered the newspaper he was reading, and looking Bessie in the face, glanced at his brother-magistrate, and said:

"Pity—so young, and so good-looking!"

"State the particulars," said the recorder.

The shopkeeper related how he had noticed the young woman the night before, looking suspiciously into the different shops as she passed up and down Oxford Street, and suspecting her object, he had secreted himself near his shop-door, when, just as he expected, the woman made a grab at a handkerchief and carried it off. He followed, brought her back to the shop, and sent for a constable and had her arrested. He hoped, he added, that his lordship, and his honor the recorder would have her committed, as the goods were found upon her. He and his brother-shopkeepers were great losers by that kind of business, and the thefts were always committed by young, good-looking women, who were least likely to be suspected. They always pleaded

starvation and a first offence. But he was determined to prosecute in all cases. It was the only way to stop such depredations.

"You are sure that this ~~was~~ the woman?" said the lord mayor.

"Sure, my lord? Why, I took the handkerchief from her pocket with my own hands."

"It was not slipped into her pocket by some one who wished to escape detection?" said the recorder. "Such tricks are done. This young woman appears to be respectable."

"There was no one else in sight, your honor, not within half a mile. The night was so stormy all honest folks were indoors."

"I did take the handkerchief, gentlemen," sobbed Bessie. "I was sorely tempted. My babe was starving. I thought he was dying. I had no home to go to—no food for him, nor for myself. I regret now that we did not both die." And she briefly told how her husband had been seized by the press-gang, and how she had been turned from the home of her childhood, and had come up to London to seek the only relative she knew of, and had sought in vain.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the lord mayor. "But by your own confession you are guilty. No amount of destitution can excuse theft. The crime of shop-lifting has increased very much of late, and the courts are determined to visit it with the most extreme severity. Examples must be made. It must be put a stop to. You stand fully committed for trial."

Bessie, sobbing bitterly, was removed by the officers.

"Poor young thing!" said the lord mayor, shaking his head. "Here is a hard case. I am really sorry for her."

"She is very handsome," said the recorder. And the magistrates passed to the examination of the next case.

Within a few weeks the Quarter Sessions came on. Bessie was arraigned at the criminal court of the Old Bailey for shop-lifting, found guilty by her own confession, but was recommended to mercy by the jury, on account of her youth and the hardships of her case. The judge, in sentencing her to die, told her that the recommendation of the jury should be attended to. But he warned her not to hope for mercy, but to prepare herself for death.

It seems impossible to us of the present generation, that such insignificant crimes could be so terribly punished. Now-a-days the people would not permit such judicial murders to take place. Such deeds of horror would cause a revolution. But it is true, that even thirty-five years ago, more than one young woman was hanged for

stealing the most trifling articles from a shop, though it was proved to be a first offence, and that starvation was the cause. This case of Bessie Milton's is true in its general details. And in one instance, a young girl of seventeen was hanged for stealing a pair of socks worth two shillings—the shopman who caused the arrest having been a discarded lover, who it was almost proved had laid a trap for her out of sheer revenge!

No notice was taken of the recommendation of the jury by the Home Secretary, notwithstanding many persons who had witnessed the trial, signed a petition in the poor girl's behalf. She was left for death with half a dozen others—among them two hardened burglars who had committed a horrible murder, and a youth of sixteen who had stolen a pair of shoes from a room-mate!

Bessie left a letter for her husband, should he ever return, and the compassionate wife of the turnkey promised to adopt her child. She would not, however, part with the infant until the last moment, and she appeared on the scaffold with the babe at her breast, only handing it to the chaplain when the hangman had adjusted the fatal noose. A dead silence prevailed among the vast multitude who had assembled to witness the shocking spectacle, and when the drop fell, and the innocent, ill-used girl hung suspended in mid air, a groan of indignation relieved the pent-up feelings of the horrified spectators. Many females fainted, and strong, stern men shed tears. The turnkey's wife proved as good as her word, and adopted the babe, having promised the mother to restore it to its father, if he ever returned and demanded it.

Twelve months after this tragedy, the Thunderer arrived at Spithead. James Edwards was boatswain of the ship. The frigate had captured several of the enemy's vessels, and the crew had a large amount of prize money due to them. Edwards's share was sufficient to purchase back the old homestead. He was paid off, and coming ashore his first care was to hasten to S—, where he supposed his wife and child were still living. His agony, his horror may be imagined, but cannot be described, when he learned the sad history of his wife's death. For some weeks he acted like a madman. Then he hurried up to London, and sought out the wife of the turnkey who had the care of his child. From her lips he learned the sad particulars of his wife's last moments.

"Have you come to claim the boy?" asked the woman, with as much dread lest he should

answer "yes," as if he had been her own child.

"No," replied the grief-stricken man. "I have placed my pay and prize-money, to the amount of five hundred pounds, in H—'s bank for his benefit. The interest is to pay for his education, and the principal he will claim when he is twenty-one years of age. Be a mother to him. I am away to sea again, and shall return to England no more."

He wrung the kind-hearted woman's hand and quitted the prison.

The next morning the city was thrown into a state of intense excitement in consequence of the mysterious murder of Mr. Higgins, the linen-draper of Oxford Street. He was found dead in his counting-room, pierced to the heart by a pistol-bullet. All that was known of the affair, was that some of the neighbors had heard the report of a pistol at eleven o'clock on the preceding night. The first supposition was that he had committed suicide, but no pistol could be found, and in searching for the weapon a letter was picked up from the floor. It was written in a good hand, by a person of education, though the writer had evidently labored under terrible mental excitement. It ran as follows:

"Murderer of the innocent Bessie Edwards, this night you shall meet your fate! You are doomed. Her manes shall be avenged, and your soul shall be sent, red with her blood, to the place of eternal torment. 1—her husband, will be the instrument of vengeance. And the deed of sacred justice done, I fly my accursed country forever—her sworn, bitter enemy! That she may be blasted and destroyed forever. is the sincere prayer of the betrayed

"JAMES EDWARDS."

Of course the murderer was now known, but all efforts to secure him proved fruitless, and the affair was forgotten in the course of time.

Some years afterwards, the war broke out between England and the United States, and several English vessels were captured by the Americans. During the terrific combat on Lake Champlain, which proved so disastrous to the British squadron, there was one seaman—a boatswain on board one of the American vessels, who particularly distinguished himself by his courage, and by his vindictiveness. He gave no quarter, and being at last struck down by an officer, while boarding an English brig, he refused quarter for himself. He was slain; and after the engagement, his mangled body was found covered with gore—the features retaining their stern, savage expression in death. Before he was thrown into the lake, his person was searched, and a locket was found on his breast which contained a long lock of silky brown hair.

Pasted inside the locket was a piece of paper on which was written :

"Bessie Edwards—basely murdered by the laws of England, January 19, 18—."

The singularity of this inscription led to investigation, and the particulars of the trial and execution of Bessie were resuscitated. The seaman had been several years in the service of the United States, and had been entered on the ship's books as James Wilson, but there existed no doubt that he was the veritable James Edwards, the husband of the innocent, murdered, and fearfully avenged Bessie.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in New Jersey was sadly annoyed by a termagant neighbor who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense with his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney-corner when next visited, take the tongs in hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word. A day or two afterwards the woman came again to her pastor with a bright and laughing face to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her troubler had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" said the termagant, more enraged. Snap. "Do speak; I shall split if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence. It is hard work fighting a Quaker. It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party. —*Evangelist.*

BURMESE CIGAR HOLDERS.

One custom, however, which struck me as being comical in a high degree, was that of boring in the lobe of the ear a large hole, in which (according to an individual's wealth or position) he or she stuffs a gold, silver, paper, gilt, or wooden ornament; and invariably, when the aperture is not otherwise occupied, men, women, and boys, use it as a cigar holder; that is, suppose they're interrupted in the enjoyment of the cigar, they as instantly clap the unburned portion within the ear as a butcher, when making use of both his hands, places his knife in his mouth. Then, although none wear shoes, boots, or stockings, and not always sandals, few are to be seen without the tee, or umbrella, the color and material of which (white being exclusively royal) marks the rank or office in every class of society.—*The White Elephant, by William Dalton.*

PITY.

What gem hath dropped, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine.—*BRON.*

THE LAST HOURS OF SCHILLER.

His head remained entirely unaffected until the sixth day. On the evening of that day he began to speak in broken accents, but was never wholly insensible. When Karoline came to him on the seventh evening, he wished, as usual, to commence a conversation on subjects for tragedies, and on the mode in which the loftier powers of man must be cultivated. Karoline did not answer with her usual vivacity, because she wished him to be quiet. He felt this, and sorrowfully said, "Well, if no one any longer understands me, I had better say no more." He soon fell into a doze, but rambled much in his sleep. "Is this your hell? Is this your heaven?" he exclaimed, just before he awoke, looking upwards, and gently smiling, as if a consoling angel met his sight. On the 8th of May he wandered a good deal. Toward evening he expressed a desire once more to see the setting sun. The curtain was drawn aside, and gazing with a cheerful and serene air at the bright rays of evening, nature thus received his last farewell. When Karoline went up to his bed and asked how he felt, he said, "Calmer and calmer." During the night he talked of Demetrius in his wandering fancies. The servant said that he repeatedly prayed to God to save him from a lingering death. At nine o'clock in the morning, he became insensible. The dying man only uttered some unconnected words, chiefly Latin. In the afternoon the solemn moment of dissolution drew near. When his noble nature at last succumbed, and a convulsion disturbed his features, Lotte strove to put his head in an easier position; he recognized her, smiled, and his eye had already a glorified expression. Lotte sank down close beside him, and he kissed her. This was the last symptom of consciousness.—*Life of Schiller.*

THE POET COWPER.

"If there is a good man on earth," Lord Thurlow was wont to say, "it is William Cowper." From his childhood, he possessed a heart of the most exquisite tenderness and sensibility. His life was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence; and his exemplary virtue was such, that the opulent sometimes delighted to make him their almoner. In his sequestered life at Olney, he administered abundantly to the wants of the poor; and before he quitted St. Alban's, he took upon himself the charge of a necessitous child, in order to extricate him from the perils of being educated by very profligate parents; this child he educated, and afterwards had him settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire.—*Life of Cowper.*

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.—*Johnson.*

(ORIGINAL.)

FORMALITY.

BY ISA. ARNOLD ESTERHAZY.

I wandered o'er a cold and desert land.
The white earth rang beneath my feet; the frost
Wove jewels in my beard, and all around
I saw huge icebergs pierce the sky, and send
A shiver through the air. A freezing crowd
Was pressing on, besieging these cold peaks
With bitter cries.

I learned these icebergs were
The homes of living men—that far beneath
The icy shell there glowed a genial warmth.
Hope flashed within my heart, and gave my limbs
A giant's strength. I rushed along, and struck
A peak with wild, resistless force. The shell
Was shattered—through the opening crevices gleamed
A flash of leaping, laughing fire. The crowd
Filled all the air with shouts of joy, until
The cold peak quivered with the sound—but he
Within seemed stung with shame, to show the world
That warmth was found beneath his icy shell.

He closed the crevices—closed each door of air
Until the fire grew dim and died; and then
He lay and shivered till his limbs grew cold
And stiff as death.

I heard a voice.
A light flashed through my brain. A truth
Had been revealed—a lesson taught.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE HOOD AND CLOAK.

BY LIZZIE E. BREWSTER.

It was two days before Christmas, chilly without, but warm within; and so, negligently reclining upon a sofa, I read—contented to let the world manage its own holidays, so long as I was sure of mine. But just then I was disturbed; a note had been left for me at the door. Quickly my eyes ran over the tiny sheet, so closely filled with its delicate running chirography; but the news I wanted was not there. Vexed, I tossed the gilt-edged messenger to the opposite end of the lounge, and sank into a half true, half improbable speculation, upon the inconstancy of man.

"Of all the unsatisfactory creatures upon the earth, young doctors stand *par excellence*." This was my exclamation; and for a while, I rather encouraged the disappointed feelings the note had aroused. "Taking the entire class, I do think they are the most stupid set in existence." But here I paused; for, looking up, I met the clear, calm depths of Aunt Martha's eyes. I did not like the rebuke they silently conveyed, so continued, determinedly: "But, auntie, I really do think so!"

"What?"

"That the graduates from every medical college in the land are a set of heartless heathen—only fit to take their own drugs."

• But she gently shook her head.

"You don't include *him* in that sweeping assertion, do you?"

"Indeed I do, then; he is the most heartless of them all, and what's more—"

"Hush, hush, child! Don't say what you may live to regret."

"Regret!" There was all the contempt of my nature accented upon that one word. Good Aunt Martha seated herself beside me.

"Now, Hattie, what is it so provoking?"

"It's enough to provoke any one. Wait, though, till I tell you." And I continued growing more vexed, as I recited my troubles. "Last week Dr. Hope invited me to the sleighing party for to-morrow night, which is Christmas eve. Everything is splendid, all our set are going, and we never had so fine sleighing before. But the doctor is not to be found; he has left town, without a word to any one—gone, nobody knows where; and what is worse, there is not one bit of an apology for me."

"But you are unreasonable—he might have been called unexpectedly!"

"Yes, there it is; unexpectedly, or suddenly, or some other excuse, covers all the shortcomings of these sons of Esculapius. I'm heartily tired of it. As to waiting for his return, I'll not do it, but accept Ned's invitation this evening."

"O, I wouldn't!" broke in Aunt Martha, upon this tirade. "You may be sure he'll come, if he can; and even if he shouldn't, I would stay at home."

"Yes, and have it said I didn't join the party because the doctor was away."

"And 'twould be the truth, wouldn't it?"

"It sha'n't be, for I'm going!" And I picked up the note and threw myself back upon the luxurious cushions, more troubled than ever—less because I had spoken words I did not believe of a good man, than that I was sorry for them as soon as uttered.

Aunt Martha laughed; this was the drop in the overflowing cup, and my slipper beat an angry note upon the carpet. After a few moments' silence, she left the room; while I, for appearance's sake, lifted the open volume still lying face downward beside me, and feigned to read. Soon some one entered.

"Hattie dear," it was Aunt Martha's gentle tones, "I'm going out now; if you have purchases to make, I'll attend to them."

The memorandum I had already prepared;

so springing lightly up the broad steps, from my room I brought my portemonnaie and dropped it over the balustrade into the hands upturned to receive it.

"You'll not see me again till tea-time. Good-by! I'll try to find the doctor." And then the street door closed, and I was alone.

Walking back to my chamber, I paused before Aunt Martha's door. It was unfastened, and pushing it open, I entered. There was something of the owner's spirit pervading this room. I always felt more calm and quiet here, and now its gentle, sunny influence soothed the inward chafings. I walked to the window; but the still falling snow brought too vividly the memory of my disappointment; and, turning away, my eyes fell upon the writing-desk, wherein lay secrets I longed to see revealed. The drawer was fastened, but upon the floor, with the draught of the register rustling its unclasped leaves, was the treasure I had so long coveted, Aunt Martha's journal. She had evidently been writing, for the still undried ink accounted for its appearance. Four hours were safely mine. Bounding to the hall, I ordered that no one should be admitted, that I was engaged until tea-time. Then locking the door, I took this diary of a woman's hopes and fears, and with a feeling almost of veneration, I thought of those leaves whereon lay the working of a human heart—the hidden mysteries of a human life. And opening the book, I read:

"Nov. 1st.—Eighteen to-morrow. Herbert says I am not dignified, because I helped Charlie fasten his windmill to the gate post. He inquired if it was my new bonnet, or the new minister, which made me so anxious to attend church to-morrow. I did not tell him—though both had a share, apart from really wishing to go the day I am eighteen. I am glad it falls upon the holy Sabbath.

"Nov. 2nd.—What a day of excitement it has been! When I arose, the morning was beautiful; the whole air seemed redolent of the sacred Sabbath. I thought to spend the hours quietly, that I might look into my heart, and on this, my eighteenth birthday, root out the evil and uphold the good; but the morning, like the budding promise of womanhood, deceived us. Herbert took me to church with his new colt. The sermon was suited to my wants; it refreshed and strengthened the spirit. Coming home, Herbert was as merry as ever, though I fancied he did not like me to praise so highly the handsome young minister, for he asked me abruptly what I thought of Dr. Grove, whom he presented. And when I replied I scarcely noticed him, he

said I was like the rest, and struck the colt. But just then, we were turning to the house; and the wind striking Charlie's windmill, the noise and whip gave Pedro a start, and he upset us over the gate post. Dear Herbert was taken up much stunned; and for awhile, the death angel hovered over our dwelling. Fortunately Dr. Grove had seen the accident, and came to our assistance. I do not think papa was pleased to have so young a physician; but Herbert is his friend, and will have no other. He remains all night, for fear of fever.

"Nov. 7th.—Herbert is slowly improving; the fever has at last abated, and the immediate danger is past. Dr. Grove scarcely leaves his side, and has almost become one of the family. It is to his exceeding care we owe our brother's life. Mr. Dalton, too, has been very attentive, coming every day to inquire for the sick, and offer assistance. Indeed the whole village seems alive in kindness towards him.

"Dec. 10th.—Now that Herbert is out of danger, I almost dread his gradual recovery; for with his returning strength, we shall see less of the doctor, who is preparing to leave us. I wish Herbert would not tease me so much about Mr. Dalton, especially in Dr. Grove's presence, for he is sure to look so at me, that the crimson blood will mount, regardless of every effort; and Herbert always adds, 'that blush confirms it.' This morning, when he asked me to delay my walk that he might accompany me, Herbert coolly remarked, 'Dalton will be in;' but as I readily acquiesced, he seemed satisfied, and answered, 'then both can be better spared.' We went to the mill race; for once I could be myself in the doctor's presence, and never did I enjoy his company so well. He seemed equally pleased, and we agreed to go to the pond to-morrow. When we reached home, Mr. Dalton stood at the gate, waiting our return. I did not notice, at the time, that the doctor hardly returned his quiet bow. For me life was so bright, that I would have met any living object kindly; and I stood, for a moment, and spoke with him. He gave me a bunch of late chrysanthemum, and I passed into the sick room, still holding them in my hand. Herbert noticed them, for he laughed, exclaiming, 'that it was too bad to go to walk with one gentleman, and wait till I got home for another to give me flowers.' The cloud gathered in the doctor's face; this time I dispelled it. Taking a glass, I placed them in water by the bedside, saying we would all enjoy their beauties. When I looked up, the smile had come back, the shadow flown.

"Dec. 11th.—A rainy day! Nothing but rub-

ber boots and oil suits could venture out. Our walk, of course, was given up. This morning, while in the breakfast-room alone, Dr. Grove entered. He came and stood beside me in the window, both watching the storm without. I said, hardly above my breath—'Isn't it too bad?'

"The earth wanted the rain," he answered.

"But I wanted my walk." I felt very much like ponting.

"How the sunshine swept over his face!

"Do you really feel disappointed?" he questioned.

"Indeed I do, and this ugly rain has come."

"In a moment he said, slowly—'I am glad it rains.'

"O—' I began; but something in his eyes taught mine to fall.

"Then, as steps approached, he added: 'It tells me you enjoyed our walk yesterday, even though you gained no flowers.' And he passed from the room.

"Why will Herbert tease any one that is so sensitive?

"Dec. 14th.—What has come over Herbert? To-day he taxed me with flirting—and flirting, too, with the Rev. Mark Dalton! When I asked if the cloth was exempt from such follies, he said he didn't care, but 'it troubled Frank.' Troubled Frank Grove! It is good to me if any art of mine is remembered by him.

"Dec. 15th.—Herbert is certainly turning to an old maid. Mr. Dalton brought me a long wished-for poem this morning, and because I told him how much I thanked him, Herbert has taken me to task for it.

"You expressed more than you felt, because Frank was here," he said.

"Very true," I replied.

"O, Mattie!—these are his very words—'why will you do so? Frank is so sensitive, he will never declare his love while you are so perverse.'"

"I laughed. 'If he don't dare to face the *lady faire*, he has an able advocate. Do tell me, Herbert—is the doctor really interested?'

"Here mama came in. I imagine she saved me a lecture. That boy, I really believed, thought I would at once make an acknowledgment, and forever give up all gentlemen's attention; at least, he looked so. I could never bear his teasing, were he to know the truth.

"Dec. 18th.—To-night we are to have a grand sleighride. Well for me I have a slight cold, so that I could consistently refuse Mr. Dalton's invitation. As to Herbert's opinion of Dr. Grove's admirations, it surely is false; for, according to all stories, he being the starter of the

enterprise, should at least ask if I were going. But we have neither exchanged a word on the subject, nor has Herbert mentioned it. My mind is well exercised as to whom is the favored lady. After tea, I took my netting up stairs, and released mama from her attendance upon Herbert. He seemed surprised, when I told him I should remain at home; but a peculiar smile rested within his eyes. That look I understood a half hour later, when the opening door admitted Dr. Grove. He seemed astonished at my presence, while Herbert's curiosity gained complete victory, and he would know why we both were at home.

"Never mind me," the doctor answered; 'all could not leave you. But I can't account for Miss Mattie, unless Mr. Dalton forgot to prepare his next sermon, or is unexpectedly called to some wedding.'

"But I answered, gaily: 'It's more probable he enjoys a sleighride to-night.'

"After a moment of thought, Dr. Grove said to me:

"I understood you were to go with Dalton. Indeed, he told me he had invited you.'

"Very quietly I answered:

"He had not probably received my answer, when he told you.'

"But it was a good evening, withal, and we enjoyed it.

"Dec. 19th.—Herbert teased me not a little, to-day, for remaining at home last night. He said the doctor staid, because he thought I was to go with another. Very foolish in him, but it turned much to my enjoyment. What spirit possesses me, sometimes, to trouble him? To-day, for instance, when Mr. Dalton called, he alluded to my absence, and was pleased to say I was much missed. I said it was indeed to be regretted, but that I might have added to my cold. Did Frank Grove believe that my real excuse? He appeared to.

"Dec. 23d.—For the past three days, the storm has raged with mad violence. Neighbors are parted by fac simile representations of the Arctic lands. Everything not of reasonable height is lost beneath the soft, still covering. Here, we have spent delightful days. Dr. Grove was never half so entertaining as now. I should be less a woman did I not know, though no word has confirmed it, that the love of his heart is mine. Those charming little attentions he pays me are certainly calculated to make one self-satisfied. Papa and mama exchange knowing glances I don't much like.

"Dec. 24.—Herbert is down in the sitting-room. Dr. Grove expects, every mail, to be

summoned to join his sister's wedding-party, with which he travels south. Yesterday, when he left, he asked if I were engaged this afternoon at four; I was not, and he said he could not call again till then, and he hoped much I would be at home. This morning, Sus sent me a note; she was going with Annie and Mr. Dalton to visit old Miss Marrows. Would I take the extra seat? we should be home by two. This is our annual Christmas visit; still, but for the look in Herbert's eyes, I would not have gone. It was past the appointed hour, when we started. Herbert persisted that I ought not to go; but they promised to be back, and I would not give in. The road proved bad. There was more than we expected, to be done for the poor soul. Hours slipped, and when we re-entered, the broad street lamps brightly burning shone from the tall posts, and the clock struck six, as I hung my blanket shawl on the hat-rack. Herbert looked grave when he saw me; but it was mama who told me Dr. Grove had been punctual—that he seemed disappointed at my absence—and had called twice at the door, anxious for my return.

"Dec. 25th.—Christmas, with its green garlands and happy faces, is with us. To me, it comes with no merriment. This morning, mama brought me a package; I knew the writing, and opened it in my own room. It proved to be a book, and on the fly-leaf was written—'A merry Christmas and a kind farewell to Miss Mattie. F. G.' Then I knew he had left us. I turned the leaves, but the letters mingled, and I read no word. A note slipped from between its pages, and there I read of the heart I had lost—no, thrown away. And now he had left us, never to return. Called to take the night train, while I, with merry mingling of bells, had entered the village, he, with a sad heart and the shriek of whistle, had passed out. One sentence I did not like. He writes: 'I shall have no correspondent in the village, for I could not bear to hear your name connected with another; yet I will wish you all happiness.' He is a good friend, and a worthy man. And he adds: 'Our life walk will unite no more on earth. May I only so live, that in heaven I may meet you!' These words shall be my polestar; there, where no suffering comes, we will not be parted. On Christmas eve will I search my heart, to bind the good in sheaves and cast out the chaff. May I be able to say, each year, 'this has been better than the last.' Afterwards, I went down to Herbert, and placed the letter in his hand. When he had read it, he drew me to him.

"My poor Mattie," he said, "we must try and forget him."

"No," I answered, "rather let his name be sacred between us."

It was growing dusk, and I turned the leaves to close the journal, when my glances rested upon the darker ink of that day. These sentences seemed to rise up and meet my eye:

"Nine years ago to-morrow, my trial came to me. Dear Hattie trembles upon the brink whereon I slipped. May she be spared the sorrow that has chastened and humbled this heart! May her life be one of greater happiness and beauty!"

I laid the volume as I had found it; but within my heart dwelt a clearer knowledge of life's duties, and of woman's mission. I trembled at the sameness of our destiny, and determining that the gay party should go without my presence, I descended to the parlor.

As I carelessly swung backward and forward, in the comfortable rocking-chair, waiting Aunt Martha's return home, Cousin Kate entered. As we exchanged greetings, I saw that she was troubled, and asked what it was that annoyed her.

"Not much," she answered. "I've brought home that nubia you sent me for to-morrow."

"But you'll need it, if it's like to-day?"

But she shook her head.

"I'm not going."

All summer, Kate had been confined to the bedside of an invalid mother, deprived for the season of all our amusements, and the party was entirely on her account; and so I told her.

"Don't, Hattie!" she said; and the tears filled her eyes. "I know it all, and I want to go so much! But there's no one to stay with mother."

"Where's Susan?"

"Her brother is to be married. No, I can't go!"

"Yes you can." Glad was I of any excuse for remaining at home, and here offered a golden opportunity for doing good. "I'm not going," I answered her look of wonder. "Tell Wilson to call for me, as the party passes, and he can bring me back in the same way."

"But Hattie—"

"No buts—run home and get ready!"

I pushed her toward the door; but not before I saw another tear-drop glisten on her cheek, this time for gladness.

The next day was what such days should be—the crowning efforts of a dying year. I had not told Aunt Martha my intentions; but as I saw her anxious look, I answered it.

"No, I'm not going. I sit with aunt, that Kate may go."

She nodded her approval, and I knew she was contented. The hours, like all hours, whether laden with pleasure or pain, passed evenly onward, and evening greeted us. I was all ready, when Wilson called. Aunt Martha kissed me, as she clasped my furs, and murmured:

"You are right now, my child." Ah, little did we imagine how a jealous love could pervert the act.

"Not ready yet!" That was my exclamation, as I entered aunt's chamber, for Kate stood by the grate as quiet as though sleighrides were tabooed. "Hurry, child! where are your things? Here, take my cloak! it was made for such occasions." And I threw the warm plaid over her shoulders.

As I drew her hood and eyes together under her rosy chin, she said:

"It isn't right leaving you here."

"Yes it is; it's always a privilege to stay with aunt. So hurry off, and give us a long evening!"

When the stillness of the night air brought to us the last cadence of the chiming bells, I told aunt how it came that I wished to remain, and of reading the journal.

"Martha has been true to her first love," she answered; "and Christmas eve is devoted to his memory and the review of her heart's progress in its predestined work of good. By much suffering, has she been purified; meekly she accepted her cross, and great must be her reward."

Then we talked of other matters, and the evening gliding unconsciously away, brought the return of the party. A merry word here and there to the occupants of the sleighs, and again seated by my gallant conductor, we sped onward towards home. With much ado over the shortness of our ride, he assisted me to alight; and with merry adieus, we parted. As I turned to answer with saucy retort the worded bonbon he had thrown me, I saw the dark outline of a man beneath the opposite trees. The shadow upon the snow seemed the figure of the doctor. Was I right?

Two miles from Wellfleet, was the railroad station; and here, on Christmas eve, alighted weary travellers homeward bound. Sleighs stood in readiness for passengers, and many a John cracked his long whip, in expectation of the Christmas fee. As two gentlemen stepped upon the platform, the slight form of a lad attracted their attention, while the younger of the two addressed him.

"Ah, James! I hardly expected you."

"I've been to the train, sir, every night since you left."

"Glad to see me, then? That's right. Get the trunks, now, while we stow-away."

A moment more, and they were gliding over the icy road, leaving far behind the lights of Wheatly station. Near to the town, the passing current brought to their ears the dashing sound of bells; and carefully James turned aside his horses, cutting new tracks on the pathless snow, and waited their approach. Gaily the party came on, and as they passed, kindly salutations greeted the occupants of the doctor's sleigh. With a smile to all, he returned their cordial welcome; save once, when, for a moment, he thought he recognized the hood and cloak of Hattie Morris. But as quickly came the remembrance how like one to another all ladies' apparel seemed, and the momentary pain vanished.

"Hurry home, James! I'll overtake them yet." And soon the noble steed stood quietly at the hotel steps. Here, turning to his silent companion, he asked—"When shall you call?"

"Not to-night; leave me alone, and to-morrow, God willing, we will go together."

Ushering him into his own quiet parlor, with a "good night," Dr. Hope left him; and bounding down the long stairs, once more drew the buffalo robes around him. Taking the reins in his own hands, he passed to another street. As he drew his horse's prancing step into a moment's quiet gait, before a plain stone building, a companion hailed him.

"Too late, doctor."

"Why?"

"They were off half an hour ago."

"I could overtake them, if an hour ahead."

"I know your Hero can't be beat, but where's your lady?" He saw the doctor's glance, as it rested upon the windows opposite, and he answered it. "Hattie Morris went with the rest."

The doctor started; he remembered the hood and cloak.

"You didn't suppose she was going to lose the ride on your account? Come take me in! I'm the one left."

"No!" answered the young man. "I sha'n't go; but you are welcome to the sleigh." And handing him the reins, he stepped upon the pavement.

With a "much obliged, you'd better go," the other drove off; while the doctor, torn with jealousy, determined to watch the return, and with his own eyes verify the report. Hours—long, dreary hours to him—had passed, when the

mingling of merry laughter and merrier bells proclaimed their approach. All but one swept past the ~~stone~~ house. Well he knew the girlish form that bounded so lightly to the door, and in her own clear, ringing tones, he heard her answer to the remark of her companion.

"You are much mistaken; I never enjoyed an evening better."

"Not one regret for me," he thought. "Well, it is better to find it out so, than to have been refused to-morrow." And the doctor passed homeward, in vain trying to rub out from his heart's tablet the face and form so long engraven there.

It was nearly eleven, and on Christmas morning, that Aunt Martha and I, as we talked cosily in the parlor, were somewhat startled by the announcement of two gentlemen callers. One was the doctor, the other a fine-looking man of thirty-seven. My aunt must have seen differently, for she turned deathly pale, and sank back in her chair. Only this I saw, for obeying the doctor's motion, I followed him to the study. Then I asked—"Who is he?"

"My uncle, Frank Grove; who apparently procured me an office in Wheately, that I might practice medicine, but in reality to find if Martha Morris had ever married."

With the name, a rush of memory swept my heart, and I knew this to be her reward; that henceforth her trials were ended. For himself, Dr. Hope was on his dignity; nor once did he unbend all that evening. He asked how I enjoyed my ride, and I answered, "greatly."

"I saw you when you alighted," he said.

"Ah, then that was you opposite! When did you come?"

"In the last train. I *could* have gone to the sleighing!" How coldly, and with what an accent this was said!

"Did you call?" I asked.

"No. I knew you had gone."

After this, we talked in monosyllables until summoned to the parlor, where I was presented to Dr. Grove. It was a merry Christmas dinner we enjoyed that day, for, in spite of Dr. Hope's grave face, I could not but sympathize in the calm, deep happiness of the elder members of our party.

As we sat together, the next evening, Dr. Grove called me to him.

"Hattie," he said, for already we had become fast friends, "we want a wedding at New Year's. Can you get Aunt Martha ready?"

"Yes, indeed I can."

"That is right," he continued. "Martha and I have lost some of our best years by foolishness,

just as I am afraid that nephew of mine is doing now. If you can help him out of those blues, do."

"Shall I?" I said, roguishly; for very well I knew what the doctor believed.

"Yes, go."

So half in fun, half in earnest, I advanced; and holding out my hand, said demurely:

"Dr. Hope, I didn't go to that ride on Christmas eve."

He took my hand; I think he would have said I saw you, but I added:

"I sat with aunt, that Kate might go, but returned home with the party."

He looked pleased. Then said slowly:

"But the hood and cloak?"

Half provoked, I ran back to Dr. Grove.

"See!" I said; "I've done my best, and yet he questions me."

Later in the evening, as I passed the doctor's chair, I bent down and whispered—"Kate wore them!"

How those words lifted the dark clouds, and sent the sunlight of love flooding his whole heart, I knew afterwards, when, standing together in the library window, we talked of a double wedding at New Year's that should have for its grooms two doctors.

WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of June, two days before the battle of Bunker's Hill, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of "all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty." The appointment was officially announced to him on the following day, and modestly accepted; and on the eighteenth he wrote a touching letter to his wife on the subject, telling her he must depart immediately for the camp; begging her to summon all her fortitude, and to pass her time as agreeably as possible; and expressing a firm reliance upon that Providence which had ever been bountiful to him, not doubting that he should return safe to her in the fall. But he did not so return. Darker and darker grew the clouds of war; and, during more than seven years, Washington visited his pleasant home upon the Potomac but once, and then only for three days and nights. Mrs. Washington spent the winter in camp with her husband; and many are the traditions concerning her beauty, gentleness, simplicity, and industry, which yet linger around the winter quarters of the venerated commander-in-chief of the armies of the Revolution. For many long years she was remembered with affection by the dwellers at Cambridge, Morristown, Valley Forge, Newburgh, and New Windsor. —*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

SPEECH.

Speech is the morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.—OTWAY.

[ORIGINAL.]

DESIRE.

BY EDGAR S. LORING.

Blest Spirit of our Lord, come down,
And dwell within my troubled heart;
Drive hence the chilling earthly frown,
Perfect in grace the heavenly crown,
And gems of Jesus' love impart!

Long have I sought to look through thee
Upon my Master's glorious face;
To live by faith, and joyous see
The path to blest eternity,
As gained by his unbounded grace.

O Spirit, cast thy glowing rays
Unto my lingering, longing soul:
End sweetly now the darksome days;
Tell to the heart its Saviour's ways,
And how to reach the heavenly goal!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MANIAC SKATER:

— OR, —

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY HARRY HARRWOOD LEECH.

AND as we all brought our chairs closer to the fire, my grandmother said:

"Well, girls, you cannot expect from me any romantic story, such as Mary gave us last night; but what is better, I shall give you a history which shall be terrible enough, and only too true—too true," she added, as though looking back, back through the long years.

"When I was a young girl I lived in Milford, beautiful Milford, with its straight streets and pretty cottages, and gardens in front, and the tall elms in regular rows on both sides of Main Street. Our house stood back a greater distance from the street than most of the dwellings, and the garden was my particular delight. The paths were regular, rather too prim perhaps to be graceful, but the box was always neatly trimmed, and I fancy a Quaker could not have arranged with more orderly neatness the various pots on the different stands scattered around.

"One evening, as I was watering as usual my favorite pots containing geranium and heliotrope, I was startled by the voice of a stranger at my side:

"'Miss, is this the residence of Roger Brooks?' he asked.

"I looked up in surprise, and beheld a short, graceful looking young man, who had just alighted from the stage at the door, and found that the driver was quickly unloading a large trunk and

some boxes, and I knew in an instant that he was a visitor my father had long been expecting, so I replied:

"'He does, sir, live here. You are Mr. Stewart, I suppose, whom he is expecting—walk in, sir.'

"Morris Stewart was the son of my father's oldest friend, who had now come to Milford to complete his law studies, and had written to my father several weeks before to request him to recommend him to a boarding-house, so that he could at once settle when he arrived. By return of mail an answer was sent back by my father, 'that the son of William Stewart should find a welcome and a home from Roger Brooks as long as he liked to avail himself of them.' Thus did Morris Stewart become an inmate of Roseleaf, as we called our home. Dear Roseleaf!" And grandmother sighed.

"Ours was quite a monotonous life before the advent of Morris Stewart, but from the instant he became an inmate of our house, it was as if some cheery music had suddenly been introduced into every room, and struck up new chords and exquisite harmonies with the sound of his ringing laugh and sweet voice. He was not what people would call handsome, but his was one of those generous, open faces, with bright, beaming eyes, and mouth with a woman's sweetness lingering in the smile, that captivates and makes one trust the owner ere he speaks; and he had not long been an inmate of Roseleaf, ere I learned to watch his coming and going, his words and looks, as if my life depended on his actions. You smile, girls, and think I loved him. Yes, I did—with all the truth and warmth of a woman's first affection, ere I acknowledged the fact to my own inquiring heart.

"Two months of perfect happiness, which fled by on wings of love, two months of sweet delirium, ere the rosy air was charged with the heavy breath of sorrow. He said he loved me, and so he did, I know, and those words contained all of happiness to me. But my beautiful cousin Amy Howard came, and as her slight figure, with all its willowy grace, moved beside mine, and her floss-golden curls shaded a face of perfect classic beauty, and her eyes of deep blue glimmered out from beneath the long brown lashes, and her merry laugh, so full of music, rippled forth from her beautiful mouth, I watched him whilst the spell was upon him, and I saw her stealing his heart from me, and I knew in my soul he was mine no more, for she was binding a chain round his heart, each link was formed of flowers, and she drew him slowly but surely from his allegiance to me. He might have broken the bonds, but the witchery of her many

charms soon taught him the effort to do so would be fruitless.

"I have often tried to think, my children, that Amy Howard was not aware of my love for Morris, or that I was too cold, and did not make him feel how much he was to me, but after weighing all her actions I have rejected all these conclusions, and believe her heart was bent on conquest, and she cared not how mine was wrung so her vanity was satisfied.

"The full weight of misery was thrust upon me one night, when I caught a few words of theirs, as they sat in the embrasure of a deep window, the moon shedding her silver light full upon them, as its slant beams struggled through the leaves and branches which almost covered the porch in whose kind shadow I was sitting, Morris Stewart said:

"I thought I loved her, Amy, but O, how was I deceived when I contrasted my calm affection for Margaret with the flood of passion which bathed my soul in joy, when I first learned that I was not indifferent to you."

"Dear Morris," was the soft reply. And then the sound of kisses reached me.

"I was maddened then, and had my life depended on it, I could have remained no longer. I strode right into the window where they were sitting, with the light of misery and scorn burning in my eyes, my heart thumping against my bosom, like the huge muffled clapper of a large bell beating against its sides. They rose up in confused haste, muttered something in an embarrassed tone, but I passed on without a word to my chamber. That night of agony, girls, of over sixty years ago—that night of accusations, lamentations and prayer—my sweetest joy and only dream stolen from me, leaving not even hope behind—those hours of sorrow, which continued till nature was almost exhausted, and I sank gasping, fainting upon the floor. When I awoke, I felt hard and cold, as though I could take pleasure in some monstrous cruelty. God help me! I was wicked, unforgiving then.—Yes, over sixty years ago, and this grief comes back to me now with a fresh force." And grandmother rocked to and fro in her high-backed chair, painful reflection giving an emphasis to her words, which was far from usual with her.

"Poor grandmother!" we murmured, but our young minds could hardly grasp the story of that love over sixty years ago. Alas! perhaps we shall some day.

"Well, two months ran on, and Amy Howard and Morris Stewart felt the disagreeableness of their position in our house. I know Morris could not help feeling that he had acted in a way

to earn the contempt and scorn of one so high-spirited as myself, but the enchantress, Amy, in her caresses, soon made him forget his annoyance. It was decided that on the following Monday, Morris was to leave our house for New York, whither he was to escort Amy home. And when my father, in his warm, blustering manner, said:

"Well, well, Morris, boy, I am sorry you are going. You've been a light and joy in the house since you came, and I know Maggie here will miss you. But we can't expect to keep the eagle here, where he can soar no higher than the crow's nest's, he must find his eyrie, eh? Well, well."

"But Morris Stewart was overwhelmed by his baseness on such occasions as these. He would blush and stammer, look at me desperately, only to find my quiet eyes animated with the light of cold contempt, and finally leave the room precipitately.

"It was on the Saturday previous to the Monday on which Amy and Morris were to depart from Roseleaf. We had experienced for about a fortnight previous very cold weather, and Bush Lake was frozen over, and large parties had been skating there daily. It was proposed by my father that we should all go out upon the lake and view the skaters, and observe the skill of Stewart, who was reputed to be the finest skater in the neighborhood. So on Saturday morning I bundled up in my large cloak, and took my father's arm in the hall, whilst Amy and Morris walked on before. A deep snow had fallen a few nights before, but the walking down the main street of Milford was quite good. On we trudged to the huge covered wooden bridge at the end of the town (that is a picture of Milford Bridge, girls, up stairs over my mantelpiece), and then walked down the banks on to the ice.

"The morning was quite cold, but there was no wind, and the sun shining warmly gave an air of cheerfulness to everything. When we got upon the lake it was a beautiful sight, and I will try to describe it to you in my poor way. Stretched out before us was Bush Lake, nearly a mile wide at a point above the bridge, its surface frozen almost without a ripple. From the shores which environed it, the high banks arose, with the tall trees skirting the edges, festooned with the pure drapery of ice and snow, each branch with its row of icicles, each leaf with its falling spray of snow, whilst the trunks were coated with the protecting ice which glistened as the morning's sun flashed upon them. The high, uneven banks covered by the white glazed surface, with the straggling roots interlacing each other, twining, twisting in and out like massive

ropes of ice, now embracing a tiny fallen cedar, now locking in their icy embrace a huge chestnut which had tumbled with the bank years before—the bark all off, its jagged branches reaching out like arms, as though imploring a rescue from the cold embrace of the ice-coated roots. Then across the water, the pillars which fronted the State Lunatic Asylum loomed up grandly on the banks, with its splendid façades, and Corinthian arches whose architectural beauty was the wonder and delight of all visitors. Opposite, the village with its regular streets, neat cottages, and church spires glistening in the sun, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells heard every few moments, as the wind bore the sounds to the hundreds upon the ice.

“Amy Howard stood by my side. She was watching with pride the graceful evolutions of her lover, and he had not long been upon the ice before all eyes were attracted towards him, for his superiority was manifest. Up and down, with the ease and grace with which such a man as he always invests the slightest action—backwards and forwards, flying like the wind, then suddenly wheeling, whirling right and left at strange angles, or in peculiar circles. The sleds were stopped when he first began to skate, and the ladies stood up in them to watch the motions; then, gradually a large circle was formed around him, and whilst eclipsing all his competitors, at each new fantastic action a shout of applause would spring up from the growing crowd. And his eyes sparkled, his cheeks were as rosy as the first blush of dawning day, and at each shout of admiration which he inspired, I saw Amy smile, and as he passed by where we stood, he waved his hand, and in an instant was gone; but when he came near me, I seemed to be blinded, the great lumps would rise in my throat as if to choke me, my temples throbbed, and the cords would swell and beat as though instinct with a hundred bitter lives, and each life a serpent to hiss into my ears, and sting into my brain, ‘False! false!’ And gazing still at Amy, I began to hate her, and curse her in my heart for all the ruin of its hopes. But while my thoughts were in the greatest whirl of agony, a voice spoke to a stranger at my side—a man’s voice, yet soft and sweet as a melancholy sigh, first trembling into music. That voice seemed to startle me with its unearthly sweetness. I looked around at his words:—

“‘Sir, will you please favor me with your skates for a few moments?’

“‘Certainly, sir,’ said the courteous lender.

“‘Thank you, thank you!’ were his only words, but they seemed in the earnestness with

which they were uttered, like the thanks of a man who had just received the dearest boon.

“I gazed in wonder upon this man, and felt as though there was something terrible about his musical voice, and brilliant, glittering eye, something wild and unearthly in his actions. He fastened on the skates, and when he stood upon them and made for the circle upon which Morris Stewart was skating, he sent up such a shout; it seemed full of exultation; it was full of melody, but such music as would woo to death. I shuddered as I heard it.

“Now alongside of Morris Stewart he stood in the midst of that circle, and I had an opportunity to examine him. His appearance was startling. He was a man of medium height, slenderly built, with a sort of serpent’s elasticity in his winding motions. His face was cadaverous and pale, but lit up with a pair of dark, sparkling, defying eyes, which seemed to flash out an unearthly light. His hair was as black as midnight, long and straight, and hanging in coarse, unkempt profusion over his shoulders. Not a sign of a collar or handkerchief was visible about the neck, but the single-breasted coat he wore was buttoned closely up to the chin. The moment he joined Stewart, eager voices inquired:

“‘Who is the stranger?’ ‘Who is the rival of Stewart for the honors?’ While not a few remarked, ‘He looks as though he might be the devil,’ but none offered a solution of his identity.

“And now the two skaters commenced to glide over the ice, and the crisp rumble, rumble was heard, as their sharp skates cut tiny channels over its glassy surface. But no sooner had a few circuits been made around that circle, than the assembled hundreds in the crowd were aware that the mysterious skater was as superior in the art to Morris Stewart, as the latter was to the common bystanders. His form swayed to and fro like the graceful motions of tiny waves in the summer, on this very lake; he seemed scarcely to touch the ice, he never looked where he was going, but whirled stars and names and flowers in the ice with his dexterous blades, more quickly than they could have been stamped in hot wax. He would jump high into the air, alight, and in an instant be spinning like a wheel—in another, dart off like an arrow from the bow, and before the eyes could take in his position, be back again, carving the ice, and performing fantastic and wonderful gyrations. Shout after shout was given by the delighted people; but I looked on in mute surprise, and felt a sort of despairing dread, as if I were gazing at some festive scene, the end of which would be a tragedy.

“Gradually this strange being rushed towards

the crowd, widening and enlarging it and at last opening avenues through it right and left. He seemed to be in the wildest excitement, his long hair flying, his angular body swaying, waving, stooping, his limbs crossed, straight or curved, and his wild laugh echoing amongst the hills. But now a stranger scene was about to dawn. This man seemed to be environed by about half a dozen men who scattered themselves around him at different distances. This I did not notice until Morris Stewart had come to the shore and was removing his skates, when an elderly gentleman addressed him :

" 'Mr. Stewart, we will have to be very cautious; that man yonder, is an escaped lunatic from our asylum over the river. He came out of the gate this morning hanging to the springs of a carriage. I wish to ask of you a favor. Keep your skates on, and try to approach him so as to secure him; my men will all then come to your assistance.'

"There had been a few listeners to this disclosure besides ourselves, and when Morris started off again, there was a thrilling whisper through the crowd: 'A maniac! A maniac skater!'

"Morris Stewart was quickly by his side, and laid out his hand to grasp the maniac's shoulder, when the other turned as quickly as lightning and eluded him. Now it seemed to dawn upon the mind of the lunatic that he was pursued, and you are aware how preternaturally acute all their faculties seem to become under such circumstances. So it was now a race indeed—up and down, turning back and front with the agility of rope-dancers, over towards the 'Whirlpool' they both skated. This place was never known to be frozen solid on account, as it was supposed, of numberless springs which bubbled up from this one spot, and the great yawning hole was open, and the piles of cracked ice were thrown up all around it to the height of about two feet, layer upon layer. As Morris Stewart approached the dangerous hole, he veered suddenly, but the maniac skater, with a loud, discordant laugh, went up to its very edge, and the ice cracking, smashing, like weights falling into and crushing glass, seemed to make merry music for him. Then, as the crowd murmured their horror, out from the spot he darted again, with Stewart in full pursuit.

"Now that the lunatic seemed aware that all the efforts were concentrated upon his capture, his excitement seemed to become more intense, and his energies increased with his peril in and out among the crowd, who involuntarily shrank from his touch. As he passed by Amy and myself in his mad career, he shouted defiantly in our

faces, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' and the hills seemed in mockery to shriek, 'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' But Stewart was now almost upon him; he had grasped his arm, but he writhed from him again. Then the fearful race continued on, on towards the Whirlpool once more. Its edge was almost gained. Morris Stewart made one fierce effort, and caught the maniac around the body, but instead of giving up to his captor, he turned quickly and grasped Morris in return, while his eyes glared into his, and his hot breath blew upon his face, as if almost scorching it with his horrid maniac laugh, 'Ho, ho! Ha, ha!' It was now a desperate struggle. Morris felt that the maniac was possessed of giant's strength, and was dragging him slowly but surely to the yawning pool. He struggled, resisted with all his power, but at last sent up a fearful cry, 'Help! help!'

"The asylum keepers were hastening to his assistance—the crowd seemed paralyzed, appalled, save a few stragglers who were hastening towards them. As for me, I stood with eyes distended, watching the dreadful scene, and my heart seemed to stand still. I could scarcely realize the horror of their positions, but I could hardly restrain the cry which was bursting from my lips as I saw his danger—'Morris, dear Morris—O God, help him!'

"They were now upon the very edge, down, wrestling upon their knees, then up again, then with backs curved and breasts out till they almost fell backwards. Panting, tugging for life was Morris Stewart in those moments when assistance seemed to be so tardy. Now I heard the ice around the edges breaking, like a hammer splintering glass; but the maniac was ruthless, his strength was superhuman, and whilst his keepers were rushing towards Stewart's rescue, not ten feet from him, the maniac dragged him to the edge—one gasp, one desperate effort for life, and with a feeble cry from the one and an awful laugh from the other, over into the Whirlpool both went.

"There were many efforts to save the doomed. But I only saw in the splashing water the uplifted arms of my former lover, and heard his last despairing cry, ere he sunk from sight, and beside him, the pale face and burning eyes and elf locks of the drowning maniac, who shouted gleefully, though but a second's time was his of life. That instant I staggered back blind with agony, when I heard a low wail at my side. But there was deep misery in that cry. I almost laughed then at the baby Amy's frenzy, and thought of my great load of woe. But she uttered one feeble cry which caught my ears :

" 'My husband! my husband!' And Amy Howard sunk to the ground in a swoon."